## ARSHAIL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOI. 1,

## PLYMOUTH, IND. JANUARY 17, 1856.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Selected Poetry.

When Kossuth came down to our city;

But, thinks I she's uncommonly pretty,

Thinks I to myself, I have seen her before-

Fine face, and black eyes, and black hair;

And witty;

Yes, yes;

Goodness knows.

Old poet!

The name of the lady I never did know,

And clever, no doubt, as she's pretty.

And hang me if I could tell where.

But now both the time and the place I remer

Thinks I, she would make a good partner for

I could not tell how, when or where.

I remember her pleasing address;

We met in the doorway, I guess;

Thinks I she's the person, I guess.

If it wan't for all that I'd propose.

I'm tied, and I cannot undo it;

'Tis well that your wife doesn't know it.

"DREADFUL HARD TIMES."

Yesterday I walked down to that part of the town

There was idle Dick Lawless, and noisy Jack

They, too, joined the throng, and still kent up the

He had brought the last sack of his grain on his

Next came in Tom Sergent, who lately turned

And bought a fine store, I can hardly tell how;

So Tom joined the throng, and assisted the song,

Next appeared Madame Pride, (and a beau at her

Her husband that day, unable to pay

Where people collect at the sign of the tun

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

I saw her again but a few days ago,

Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inser ted under this head, at \$1 per annum. Persons advertising in the "Democrat" by the wear, will be entitled to a Card in the Business Di- in the Boston Post: rectory, without additional charge.

Marshall County Democrat

PRINTING OFFICE.

We have on hand an extensive assertment of JOB TYPE,

And are prepared to execute

Of every description and quality, such as PAMPHLETS. HANDBILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, BLANK DEEDS & CATALOGUES,

And in short, Blanks of every variety and descrip-

tion, on the shortest notice, & on reasonable terms

E DLYMOUTH BANNER, BY W. J. BURNS PROWNLEE & Co., DEALERS IN DRY 5 Goods and Groceries, first door cast side of

But she's married or spoken for, I s'pose; POROOK & EVANS DEALERS IN DRY Still, if that's not the case, and if-I had Goods and Groceries, corner Michigan and La Porte streets, ..... Plymouth, Ind. Thinks I to myself, I'd "propose."

\* PALMER, DEALER IN DRY GOODS & J. Groceries, south corner La Porte and Mich TAT H. OGLESBEE & Co., DEALERS IN

Dry Goods & Groceries, Brick Store Michgan street, ...... Plymouth, Ind JOHN COUGLE, DEALER IN DRY GOODS and Groceries, corner of Michigan and Gano streets......Plymouth, Ind.

ATESTERVELT & HEWIT, DEALERS in Dry Goods & Groceries, Plymouth, Ind. S. CLEAVELAND, DEALER IN DRY T. Goods, Hardware, etc., . Plymouth, Ind. TRS. DUNHAM, MILLINER & MANTUA

DROWN & BAXTER, DEALERS IN There was ragged Sam Kent, who is not worth Stoves, Tinware, &c., . . . . Plymouth, Ind. B. PERSHING, DEALER IN DRUGS and Medicines, ...... Plymouth, Ind.

RUSK, DEALER IN GROCERIES &

TENRY PIERCE, DEALER IN CLOof dealer in Boots & Shoes, ... Bymouth, Ind.

of Boots & Shows, ..... Plymouth, In L. DHN GIPE, MANUFACTURER OF Boots & Shoes, ..... Plymouth, Ind. JM. L. PIATT, MANUFACTURER OF "Here, landlord," said Short, "come being me a o' cabbage?" Cabinet Ware, ...... Plymouth, Ind.

CLUYTER & FRANCIS, HOUSE CARPEN. AMES VARNER, HOUSE CARPENTER & of Joiner, ..... Plymouth find. AUGHERT & Co., MANUFACTURERS &

Wagons, Carriages & Plows, Plymouth, Ind.

day,
Till the merchants brought suits for their dry goods

COLLINS & NICHOLS, MANUFACTUR-Jers of Sosh &c ..... Plymouth, Ind. DENJ. BENTS, BLACKSMITH,

Plymouth, Ind. K. BRIGGS, BLACKSMITH, Plymouth, Ind. AGUERREOTYPES, BY J. E. ARM-

THEO. A. LEMON, PHYSICIAN, SUR-

GEON & Druggit, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

DUFUS BROWN, PHYSICIAN & SUR-

CHIGGINBOTHAM, PHYSICIAN & SUR-

TEHEMIAH SHERMAN, PHYSICIAN &

W. BENNET, PHYSICIAN & SUR-

B. DOOLITTLE, ECLECTIC PHY-

· sician, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

D. GRAY, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.

LINGER & BRO. DEALERS IN LUMBER

PATTERSON, DEALER IN VArious kinds of Meat, Plymouth, Ind.

IVERY STABLE BY WM. M. PATTER.

son, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

A USTIN FULLER, MANUFACTURER And dealer in Flour. ... Plymonth, Ind.

Lamber, &c... Plymouth, Ind.

FUR! FUR! FUR!!

The highest cash price paid for Prime Mink and

-

F VAN VALKENBURGH

OSEPH POTTER, SADDLE & HARNESS

etc,.....Plymouth, Ind.

Plymouth, Ind.

Plymouth, Ind.

Plymouth, Ind.

SURGEON, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

THAS. WEST, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

GEON.

Coon skins by

, GEON ...... Plymouth, Ind.

CALOON, BY M. H. TIRBITS, Plymouth, Ind. She tuened to the throng, as she tripped it along, MERICAN HOUSE, BY G. P. CHERRY

ADWARDS' HOTEL, BY W. C. EDWARDS. Plymouth, Ind. & Notary Public, ..... Plymouth, Ind. And you Mr. Drew, aye, and you sir, and you, Who are hanging round taverns, and running to I TORACE CORBIN, ATTORNEY ATLAW

Plymouth, Ind. TODGES & PORTER, ATTORNEYS AT 

CAML. B. CORBALEY, NOTARY PUBLIC, And you'll soon put an end to these dreadful has Plymouth, Ind.

## FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning, Just at the peep of day, Straining the milk of the dairy, Turning the cows away— Sweeping the floor of the kitchen, Making the beds up stairs, Washing the breakfast dishes,

Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pentry, Hunting the eggs at the barn, Cleaning the turnips for dinner, Spinning the stocking yarn-Spreading the whitening linnen, Down on the bushes below,

Ransacking every meadow, Where the ripe strawberries grow. Starching she "fixings" for Sunday, Churning the snowy cream,

Rinsing the pails and strainers, Down in the running stream; Feeding the geese and turkeys, Making the pumpkin pies, Jogging the little one's cradle, Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion, Music In every tone, Beauty in form and feature, Thousands might covet to own-Chooks that rival spring roses. Teeth as white aspearle; One of those country maids is worth A score of your city girls.

A Yankee poet thus describes the Sister Bedott whispered tew her, and says Silly, says I, why can't you shet your must be your condition afore night! purty extra silk dress?" excess of his devetion to his true love: I sing her praise in poetry, From early morn to dewy eve,

And wipes them with my sleeve.

thy. I guess more likely its Sue Collins.' I'll bet a goose, so dew be easy. I cries whole pints of hitter tears,

From the Widow Bedott Papers. CON WHIPPLE.

We find the following sprightly verses ever see. But he's always good natured, enjoyin' a state o' internal satisfaction- to finish. hain't no malice at heart in his capers. He lookt just as he always did when he got a I say so tew, says Deacon Crosby. hoax he played off on Deacon Whipple Kenipe and Deacon Crosby lookt as if they that Brother Bedott should be so onwillin deny it! and Deacon Bedott. See-did you ever raly felt bad. (They was very clever men to own up without my comin right out. But I could not tell where, as I thought of it or else you won't sense the joke. Well, ac- o' the year, crops were wonderful abund- like mad. cordin' to my notion, he was about as con- ant, 'specially the apple crop-though' twas 'You simple critter says I, 'dew save your Husband, he went straight up to Dea- nificantly.' At a certain hotel, in the month of September, good many folks in Wiggletown looked up- ples was by bein' made into cider. Then in all our three repertations. ful pious, and made such an awful parade said they'd come on private biznes and agin, was Deacon Bedott sayin, he'd been there about three months, they went into the kitchen. made him deacon. As soon as he was pro- Now,' sister Bedott, says she, 'I feel as heerd nothin o' the kind till now. biznes the worst way, watchin all the nabor- wouldent you?" But I'm married; thinks I to myself 'tis a pity, hood, and taken' on em' to dew for every 'Yes,' says we. Yet, thinks I, there's no barm in writing this little thing that dident happen to come up Well then,' says Silly, 'lets go into the he. to his idees o' duty. This he called 'con- buttry and lisen.' Though its well that my wife doesn't know it. sarn for the welfare o' Zion.' As sure as 'Agreed,' says we. o' the winders to pry out what was done. and on one side of this passage the buttry now and then; ther wa'n't so much light on he. And if there was any church member among was sitiwated; and there was a door leadin' the subject as there is now in these ere tema round a little, he'd have 'em hauled up be- a body could i arevery word that was said jeated on eider—as you're in the habit o' nor sence. And swaggering Jim Bell, who has nothing to sell, the brethven or sisters a trippin'. A body'd on an old box and peeped through the crack, such high pretensions! O Broth- and axed his pardin for comin over there to not independently rich.' thought he spent the heft o' his time a pry- and sister Bedott she put her ear to the key- er Bedott! it's a hyneous and a cryin sin. take him to dew-and Deacon Bedott, he 'Nobody thinks of wearing the same DACKARD & VINNEDGE, WHOLESALE There was old daddy Slop, who had lost his last in' in other folks' biznes, but some how or hole. Deacon Whipple had begun to talk ter, and so was Miss Whipple. The 'prensseems an insurmountable duty in this case. con Whipple so-lemme come, Melissy. as ther was. Deacon Bedott was a very mands of the times. tices used to complain dreadfully o' their We're all poor errin' critters; the best on A curse on the banks and these dreadful hard times. livin'—said they was night about starved. us is liable to go astray and fail in our duant banks and these dreadful hard times. livin'—said they was night about starved. us is liable to go astray and fail in our duant banks and these dreadful hard times. livin'—said they was night about starved. us is liable to go astray and fail in our duant banks and these dreadful hard times. YRES BALDWIN, MANUFACTURER For some hundreds of half pints of whiskey and shop winder one day and says he (Jo was my short comins'-- I guess he had an at- dragon, sometimes.)

an independent critter) says he:

The deacon was awful mad. Says he to ment that I'm fraquently cold and slack in by. I must treat these my friendes, sir, and merry Jack

I've the earn, sir, to pay, there's no booking to-day." it.'
Then he fell to cursing the banks and hard times. street that he was a contracted critter-had you've fell into the practice o' such a hy- sayin, says he. place when he'd been deacon only a little life, but ones in awhile when he was dret- help. short time than ther ever was afore sense was meanin' me all this time? Well I'd like the place was settled. Now Deacon Be- to know what I've been dewin'?' With her silks spread with lace, quite down to her dott wasn't such a man at all. He was 'O dear,' says Silly, says she, 'it's hus- What on arth and the critter mean? great on prayin' and exhortin,, but he did- band, it's husband! What has he done-For the dress she then wore, had been locked up in ent meddle in his nabors concarns, nor what has he done?" think himself so much piouser and better'n 'Don't make a fass,' says I; 'they'll hear o' gittin corned on cider. And she hoped that the merchants would swing for all the rest o' creation. Well, the next fall you and we shall have to clear out.' As to make people pay their old debts in this way; arter we come away from Wiggletown, Deacon Bedott went on: I ain't aware o' Josh say he'd actilly seen me drunk on ciand she carsed all the banks and these dreadful husband and me went out there visitin'. bein' in the practice o' any known sin. If der? You see Mcther Poole and Mother Magwire Iv'e done wrong in any way I'm willin' Now, said I, Mr. Short you are summoned to court, And must soon so to fail for these long whiskey both lived there, and Sister Bedott tew, to be told on't, and I hope I shall take your Whipple; 'though them wa'n't precisely the Mrs. Green her mother.

heerd how't she 'tended a ball when she him refuse to confess his faults, and repent bein hes a worldly man and dont know was over to Varmount a visitin', and Arte- o' his sins and mend his ways. mishy was in an awful fidgit about it for Dew tell me, says Deacon Bedott says bleve he wouldent tell such a thing as that provision bill less.' fear he'd have her hauled up for't, and she he, 'what the sin is, and if I've raly been out and out if it want true, specially about Mrs. Green shook her head. wanted Deacon Bedott to try to prevent it. guilty on't I'll repent, and confess and for- his brother-in-law. I should a went right I don't think there is any need of our the body. The habit of extravagance was Well, she was just tellin' about it when ther sake it tew. come a knock to the door. 'Walk in,' says 'I'm sorry to see you so obderret, says to hum, but hes gone a journey, you know. morning for breakfast. We never had Mrs. Farmer knew, was to save money for Sister Bedott-and who should walk in but Deacon Whipple, says he. 'You know O, how that man will take it to heart when such things at home you know. I would new dresses. Deacon Whipple, with Deacon Kenipe and Scripter says, if a brother is overtook in a he hears theres such a wolf in sheeps clo- not give a straw to have meat for break-Deacon Crosby on behind him! 'There,' fault, the brother must go to him and tell thin in the midst of his flock! So I goes fast.' says I to Artemishy, 'the Old One's al- him on't, and if he refuse to hear 'em, why over and tells Brother Kenipe rnd Brother 'But James depends upon it.' ways at hand when you're talkin' about he must be dealt with afore the congrega- Crosby ont. They was very unwillin to I know it; yet for the sake of letting me quently discussed. A few days after the 'Hush!' says she.

'Lawful sakes!' says I; 'I ain't afeard o' out so. 'O misery me? says Silly, says she, 'what heft out comes on to me, and Im thankful tion?' bein' hauled up -I don't live here.' When they come in, Artemisy looked has that man ben dewin! what has he ben Im always ready to lift a warnin voice in 'Yes; why not?" half skairth to deat. She thought they'd a dewin! O dear me, what an unfortunit sinners cars. O, Brother Bedott! if your Would you ask him to go without his the future. As usual, the conversation income to talk about dealin' with Cinthy' but woman I bel

the coals.) Whatever 'twas, we all know- so for ever so long, Deacen Bedott got clear go to the temprance meetin next Saturday thing to him. He was brought up in the ful sollem: his face was about a yard long. Crosby, dew tell me what 'tis.

hear about that? Well, I'll tell you, for I indeed.) They dident say a word, but 'O! dear me suz, says Sister Bedott, that and Jo Snyder and Shubal Green and Mr. come. But in the first place you must know matters and things in general, said the suspect him on't! O Melissy, I shall die! I and Sam Collias-they'd followed the ses- least, half a dozen silks and berages." what sort o' a man Deacon Whipple was, weather was oncommon fine for the season shall die! and she begun wringin her hands sion to the house, and ben a listenin to the 'I hope her husband can afford them,'

temptible a specimen of man as ever walk- to be lamented that any o' the good crit- histeries till there's occasion for 'em; dew con Bedott and shook his fist in his face, 'He is no better off than James. They and so did husband, though there was a turned to the ruination o' mankind as ap- if they should ketch us listenin, twould ru- dident I see you half shaved on eider concern.'

so much sanctimony. He come from Med- ligion in the place, us wimmen folks about what Deacon Whipple said next-and the body, while it was a heatin? and dident I has a family to support, especially if his dleville to our town, and he was so wonder- the state o' our minds and so on and then first thing we heard arter she got quiet fill it up with some of Silly's sweet cider wife has a great many silk dresses.

no laborin' for souls, as he called it, that when spell. So we three wimmin got up and lieve such a story about me when you've and wasn't I a lookin on when you had Every young man ought to have someknowed me some years, and hain't never such a dretful time a tryin to make your thing.'

Deacon Kenipe.

He was a monstrous mean lookin' man ought to. I feel as if it may be owin' to themselves. Well, she got still, and the on't into his face-he couldn't go no where hers. tew. You'd a know'd to see him in the my onfaithfulness, Brother Bedott, that next thing I heard, was Deacon Kenipe but what that cider was throwd into his James Bradley and John Farmer were

dott, says he, did Josh say that about me? from Wiggletown. 'He meant what he said, I s'pose' says

Deacon Whipple, 'that you're in the habit Says Deacon Bedott, says he. Did

And must seen go to jail for these long whiskey and I spent the time visitin' round from one rebuke as I'd ought tew—though as I said words he used; he called to my shop to-day words he used; he called to my shop to-day to t'other. Well, one evenin' I was to afore, I ain't aware o' bein' in the practice purposely to tell me on't, and twas awful stores,
And you Madame Pride, must your silks lay aside;
And you Mr. Idle, and you Mr. Idle, and you Mr. Grimes,
Must all to your labors, like some of your neighbors.

Sister Bedott's—husband had gone over to And you Mr. Grimes,
You Madame Pride, must your silks lay aside;
And you Mr. Idle, and you Mr. Grimes,
Must all to your labors, like some of your neighbors.

Sister Bedott's—husband had gone over to Your some of each of the husband's \$1000 a year real provokin grin, 'I'm raly sorry your so connection o' hisn, but cause he raly thought o' any hyneos offense as you call it.'

Says Deacon Whipple, says he, with a you, not only on account o' your bein' a fore Deacon Bedott died, and he wa'nt very real provokin grin, 'I'm raly sorry your so connection o' hisn, but cause he raly thought o' any hyneos offense as you call it.'

Says Deacon Whipple, says he, with a you, not only on account o' your bein' a fore Deacon Bedott died, and he wa'nt very real provokin grin, 'I'm raly sorry your so connection o' hisn, but cause he raly thought would barely support them. They were well-you know he was feeble a number o' dull o' apprehension, Brother Bedott. It's you was a worthy man in the main: 'but, world knowing it.' years afore his death. Well, he and Sister truly lamentable, when a brother that's ben says he, I dew feel as if I couldent leave You would not make all the world be- and wishes required, to 'scrimp' in many Silly and me was a settin' around the settin' apparently a burnin and shinin light turns Wiggletown with a clear conshence with- lieve that which is not true, would you?' of the real comforts of life. The provision room fire, and Artemishy Pike-the Wid- out to be sich a grievous transgressor- out tellin you that Ive actilly knowed Dea- 'I don't care; I mean to have a new silk bill was kept at the lowest possible figure. der Pike's oldest darter-she was spendin' when sinners round is in such perishin con Bedott to be the woss for cider!-as immediately.' the evenin' there. Artemishy was just a need o' havin good examples sot afore 'em sure as my names Joshuway Magwire, Ive But Sarah, your husband cannot afford healthy in the morning, and John found tellin us about Deacon Whipple's comin' to to make 'em cast down the weapons o' re- seen that man half shaved on cider afore it.' their house the day afore to take Cinthy bellion. And it is still woss when such a breakfast in the mornin. Now, though I 'Yes he can; at least we can curtail our lars a year for ice would buy a new Bonnet, (her youngest sister) to dew, 'cause he'd backslidin brother is reasoned with to see haint no very high opinion of Mr. Magwire expenses in something else.' nothin about experimental religion, I dew Well, I don't know; we could make our tion; and I'm afeard that's what you'll have come with me to labor with you to night. appear a little better or Sunday he would conversation of Mrs. Bradley with her to come tew, Brother Bedott, if you hold Im sorry to say theyre ginerally slack about willingly dispense with it. dewin their duty in cases o describing the Would you be willing to ask the ques- Mrs. Farmer could talk of nothing but

Sabberday, and confess yer besettin sin a- Bradley, with a disturbed look.

MRS. MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF DEA- ed 'twas pretty important biznes, for Dea- out o' patience, and says he, 'For massy's night, if youre able to git out, and give an country; where he had meat for breakfast, con Whipple lookt wonderful big and aw- sake what is it? Brother kenipe, Brother account of your experience in drinkin. If and he does not think he could make a you dont consent to do any or both of these, meal without it.' He's a mortal teaze, husband is. He But though he tried to appear as if he felt 'I'd ruther not, says Deacon Kenipe, says we will have to deal with you, thats all; we 'We will not say any thing more about

I haint said a word about it to nobody, but ingly have deprived her husband of any

Jest then, husband bust into the room; 'I don't know.'

door ever sonce.

this very mornin? dident I empty the wa- 'A thousand dollars in these hard times on him as clear perfection, 'cause he had he went on to deplore the low state o' re- On account o' Silly's interruption we lost ter out o' yer shavin cup onbeknown to no- will not go a great way with a man who of his religion, prayin' and exhortin' and would like to see Deacon Bedott alone a 'It's curus you should be so willin to be- settin by when you took it off the stove? of his salary every year.' lather? and dident I see you scrape and 'Do you suppose John Farmer does?' moted, he begun meddlin' in everybody's if I'd like to know what they've come for, I for one ain't willin to believe it, says saw away at your face till the blood run? I think not at the rate his wife dresses." and dident you throw down your razor at But it is too hard to wear the same 'Nor I nother, says Deacon Crosby, says last and declare the old dragon was in it? dress every Sunday. If I had one more I and wasn't you jest about half shaved then? | could get along very well.' 'Now, there ain't no use in denyin on't, say! and dident I bust out a laffin then, and 'You would want another still.' Brother Bedott, says Deacon Whipple, says tell you it was the fust time I ever see you No I should'nt mother.' ther was a party o' young folks, there was So in we went. You see ther was a passage he-'A few years ago it wa'n't thought to the woss for cider?-deny it if you darst.'

To discuss and debate the great matters of state,
And show how the things that go wrong should be button! whose got the button? or danse atop o' this door there was a wide crack so't onheerd of thing for any body to git intox-such a gineral roarin as I never heard afore such vanity as flaunting out a different

(It always made Silly awful mad to have kind hearted man, and he thought they 'I am sure James can afford me a new WOHN M'DANNEL, MANUFACTURER & Next came in Dick Short, who was summoned to Well, Jo Snyder stuck his head into the she used to give it to him herself, like the he turned round to apologize to him, and le Short, who was summoned to Well, Jo Snyder stuck his head into the she used to give it to him herself, like the he turned round to apologize to him, and le tack on't when he gut husband's pantaloons; Woman alive, says I, 'what be you dew- commotion and slipt out. But though Dea- rich you may do different.' Deacon, how comes it you starve yer they was so slow and so tight that he had in you shan to go out there-you'll just spile con Bedott tried to look sober, and told Mrs. Eradley was satisfied after consid-Though his children were crying with hunger at 'prnitices so, when you're always so flush to give 'em to Jeff-I have my short com- the hull, and we shan't hear another word, husband 'twas tew bad to play off such a crable more demonstration on the part of

risin' two year-and it's a sollem fact, fully took by surprise he used to say 'gosh;') Well, then, says Deacon Whipple, says fare o' Zion; he never made another com- the different character of their wives. ther'd been more cases o' deseplyne in that Gosh,' says he, 'I want to known if you he, 'twas yer brother-in-law, Mr. Magwire. plaintagainst nobody while he lived there; Mrs. Bradley had been brought up to 'Gracious sakes alive! says Deacon Be- about six months afterward he moved away live within her means. A careful mother

ONE MORE DRESS.

BY CLIVER OPTIC.

'To think of wearing the same dress to she embarked in a new sphere of life. Church Sunday after Sunday!' exclaimed Mrs. Farmer on the other hand, though

'Why not Sarah?'

over to Parson Potter about it, if hed been having beefsteaks and mutton-chops every there and all the thrift and economy which

half shaved on eider afore breakfast, what breakfast in order that you may have an mediately degenerated into dress . It was

does like a joke about as well as any man I dretful bad, 'twas plain to be seen he was he, 'Brother Whipple begun, and he ought dont want to expose you no moren whats that, then,' replied the young wife, who I beg the reader to believe, would not willwas a leetle wicked though about that eider a case that suited him to a T. But Deacon Why, says Deacon Whipple, 'it's curus jest my wife, Dew you still continner to real comfort. 'How do you suppose Mrs. Farmer gets so many dresses?"

'She seems to come out with a new one think it was one of the cutest tricks he ever Deacon Whipple he conversed a spell about he should be a cuttin capers and me never Smith and Dr. Pike (Artemishy's brother) almost every Sunday. She must have at

replied Mrs. Green, shaking her head sig-

ed in shoe-leather. I always thought so ters o' Providence should be abused and keep still; they'll hear you, sartin sure, and and says he, 'Deny it if you darst afore me! have the same salary, and are in the same

she'd got to make sass on? and wasn't I a But James saves two or three hundred

There is no end to it when you under-Deacon Whipples long nose poked into sum between the settin'-room and the kitchen, be no great crime to take a gl ss o' sperits . I plead guilty, says Deacon Bedott, says take to follow all these absurdities. When I was a girl I had only one dress to wear

such vanity as flaunting out a different fore the session to answer for 't. It seemed in the settin'-room. Well, in we goes, as dewin now against light and privilidge— Deacon Kenipe and Deacon Crosby got dress every Sunday ever entered a girl's to dew him a deal o' good to ketch any o' still as mice, Artemishy and me we got up and you a deacon tew-a man that makes up and shook hands with Deacon Bedott head, especially girls whose father's are

'Consarn it! says Deacon Bedott, says told 'em they wan't to blame at all-and dress all the time. Only one more-By neglecting to mend up some gaps in the fence;
There was shabby Ned Thorn, who had planted his corn,

tew; he was a tailor by trade, and a reg'lar life first thing I heerd want to know who said I was in a habit o' it and cried the next, and eny most went insilly notions get into your head, you will But had never put hoe, no, nor plow to it since;
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
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There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a fine dandy
There was dashing Bill Sutton, with a W. DAVIS, SADDLE AND HARNESS Who was ne'er out of debt, nor was worth twenty once. You see he was an awful stingy crit- be necessitated to rebuke a brother, but it lied, and I'll tell Dea- hollered, and you never seen such a time dress, and then not keep up with the de-

and behold! and he'd took advantage of the careful and contented, and when James is

ins' and I feel to mourn for't; I feel to le- it'll be time enough for you to put in bime- joke-twas plain to be seen he wan't sor- her mother, that she could get along withry to see Deacon Whipple come up with .- out a new silk. But it was hard to give 'If you was a professor you'd ketch dowin' my duty-don't keep such a con- She made such a noise they'd a heerd her, Poor Deacon Whipple! 'twas a humblin up the idea of competing with Mrs. Farmer stant watch around the walls o' Zion as I'd if they hadent a got to talkin purty loud stroke for him-every body was throwin whose husband was no better off than

But this much I know, about twelve months ago, that the constable sold at the post his last cow; the suburbs.—

That the constable sold at the post his last cow; the suburbs.—

Yet Tom dashed away, spending hundreds each level away, spending hundreds each level.

The constable sold at the post his last cow; the suburbs.—

Gosh!' says Deacon Bedott—(now Dealer who it was—and level.

The constable sold at the post his last cow; the suburbs.—

Constitution of the pint. awful mean about it—you see she'd ben all resided in a neat cottage in the suburbs.—

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Constitution of the pint. awful m face. And Miss Whipple tew-she felt clerks in a large house in the city, and both cumstance I was gwine to tell you took con Bedott never used bad language in his don't hurt his feeling any more'n you can Bedott was a drinkin man. But it cured the same, and perhaps they might have Deacon Whipple of his consarn for the well- continued the same through life, but for

> who realized the responsibility of her position had rigidly inculeated the principles of a sound economy, and trained her up to habits of prudence and thrift. And all these practical qualities she had brought with her into her domestic relation when

'He meant so; undoubtedly, says Deacon Mrs. Bradley, a young married lady, to her parents were no better off in the world had brought her up to be a lady-to wear fine dresses, and play the piano in the Folks will think it is the only one I have parlor. Her knowledge and experience in obliged, in order to dress her as her habits Mrs. Farmer thought beefsteaks were unit necessary to be of her opinion. Six dolhence ice was the cause of a great many complaints that prevailed in summer.

All the salary was spent-was intended to be spent-and the only question was whether it should be put in the body or on

She and Mrs. Bradley were on intimate terms with each other, and as may readily be supposed, the subject of dress was fremother, her neighbor was making a 'call,' dress. It was the study of her life-what she lived for what she most hoped for in all Mrs. Farmer knew.

head? Take my word fort, he hain't done well upset I should think. I hope youll "Go without his breakfast mother! I How do you like my new silk?" asked 'Don't be afeard; I don't bleve it's Cin- not in-it'll turn out to be just nothin at all. make up your mind, to come forrard next never thought of such a thing,' said Mrs. she, after several adroit passos, in order to introduce the matter.

Well, arter Descon Whipple had gone on fore the congregation; and mabby youll But you know it amounts to the same and to Construct on fourth page.) chaise, but we payed them as not recived and med

significant by on the treath worth